

# THE DAUGHTERS of the HOUSE of VANDERBILT

"We Have Had Many Weddings, But Never a Divorce---Never a Title and Never a Great Fortune," Says One of the Family.

"SIX millions. Tall, dark, slender, straight of feature and pretty."

Such is the description of the latest heiress of the Vanderbilt family to make her bow to the social world.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, eighteen years old, with a European education firmly engrafted upon her American principles, comes out in the social swim with all the showy auspices attendant upon a debut in the fashionable world.

She is the last of the Vanderbilt name to be unmarried. And when she selects a partner for life there will be removed from the scene the last heiress of the generation. All of the Vanderbilt girls will have passed on into the estate of matrimony, married to men well known in the world of finance and affairs, and another generation must grow up.

There have been nearly a dozen of the Vanderbilt women, but thus far none has made what is called a brilliant match. None has married a foreigner; none has made a great money marriage; none has married a man high in statesmanship. All have married for love and in the hope of happiness here and hereafter.

In the present generation of Vanderbilts there was Miss Gertrude, who married Harry Payne Whitney, and there were the Vanderbilt girls who married into the Webb, the Sloane and the Twombly families.

"We have had many weddings," said Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the other day. "But never a divorce. Never a title. Never a great fortune. All have had enough and all have been happy."

It is a noticeable feature that the women who have married into the Vanderbilt family, who have fascinated the sons of the Vanderbilts, have been women of standing and beauty. They have been rich in their own right, and so well situated as to be removed from all thought of having "caught" a millionaire.

"Our sons have all married well," said the head of the family recently, with a sigh of satisfaction, "and we are happy."

The sons of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt are three in number. The eldest is Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., who married Miss Grace Wilson. Miss Wilson was a very rich young woman of high social position. Her two sisters had married Ogden Goelet and Sir Michael Herbert. But, though old enough to marry, Miss Grace was single. "She has not yet fallen in love," said Mrs. Wilson to the Prince of Wales, who admired Grace, and asked why she was not settled in a home of her own.

To the German Emperor, to whom she was presented, Miss Wilson said: "I would gladly marry a foreigner, your majesty, but I could marry no one if I did not first fall in love."

## A Love Match in High Life.

And "fall in love" she did with young Cornelius Vanderbilt. The match, for some reasons, was bitterly opposed by Cornelius V. Vanderbilt, sr., and the young man was practically turned out of the house. But the young couple persisted, and were quietly married. A year or two later Cornelius Vanderbilt died, and in his will he disinherited his son for "disobedience to parental wishes."

"My daughter Grace loves you," said R. T. Wilson to the young man, "and if your father doesn't leave you enough to support your family, I guess I've got enough for you both."

Young Cornelius married, went to work, and in the last ten years has perfected enough valuable machinery to more than support his wife and family, not counting the six millions which his brother is said to have paid him not to contest the will.

The second son, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, came into proud possession of the fifty-odd millions which his father willed him. Soon after this he gave his family great pleasure by marrying Elsie French, a representative New York girl, daughter of an old family. Miss French was rich in her own right, but her fortune was as nothing compared to Mr. Vanderbilt's millions. They were married with great pomp at Newport, and like the Cornelius Vanderbilts, have a well filled nursery.

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt is a tall, slim young woman of the very blond type. She is the lightest woman of society from a standpoint of blondness. Her hair is a pale straw color. It is abundant and is worn in a loose fluff about her face. Sometimes she tosses it high in a pompadour so that, seen at the opera, she looks as though she had an aureole around her head. Her eyes are one of the big china blue type and her skin is fair as milk. She is so very light that it is very difficult to take her photograph and photographers have resorted to many schemes to get a good picture of her.

"Mrs. Alfred," as she is called, is fond of her husband's favorite pastime, which is that of coaching. She coaches between New York and Philadelphia constantly, and wherever he goes. She is a very woman, fond of charities of the domestic type, and though a frequenter of the best society, she shines brightest at home.

The youngest son, Reginald Vanderbilt, has led a life which places him with the gilded youth of New York. He was with that term used in its best sense. Before his marriage he became interested in the Canfield mixup and the law asked him to give testimony against the gambling house. This he refused to do, and for more than a year, he has not been seen in New York. He and his bride live in Newport and in Boston, taking frequent trips to Europe. A beautiful baby adorns the nursery.

## They Make Romantic Marriages.

This wife of Reginald Vanderbilt is one of the romantic figures of New York society. Two years ago she was

Miss Kathleen Neilson, the youngest debutante of the year and the prettiest. Miss Kathleen had been out a little escorted by her uncle, Frederick Gehard. But she was almost unknown at the time of her marriage. Her family was an old and conspicuous one. But "Baby Kathleen" had spent her life in the nursery and abroad at school. She went from the convent into a millionaire's home.

Since her marriage Mrs. Reginald has lived at Newport, where she has built the handsomest residence in Rhode Island. It is a veritable old world palace and here she lives entertaining vast house parties. She and her husband drive out a great deal. But the life of this young society woman, who is not yet quite twenty, is mostly spent within the walls of Sandy Point, her Newport home. She walks in the grounds and goes over her estate frequently. But, like the Czarina, she seldom steps foot off her own domains. She came to New York a few weeks ago to attend the debut of her sister-in-law, Gladys Vanderbilt, but departed the next day. "I would not live in New York for the whole world," she says.

Of the three young sisters-in-law of the Vanderbilt family, Mrs. Cornelius, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne and Mrs. Reginald, by all means the showiest is Mrs. Cornelius.

As Miss Grace Wilson, Mrs. Cornelius has been presented at almost every court in the world. She knows the ropes, so to speak, and when she acts it is all ways with wisdom and the greatest tact and discretion.

Mrs. Cornelius is undoubtedly the leader of New York society, taking the scepter gracefully from Mrs. Astor, who has held it into her seventieth year. It was Mrs. Cornelius who entertained Prince Henry at dinner, his only dinner engagement. It was Mrs. Cornelius who gave the biggest ball of last season, a ball which required a special train to bring the guests from the West. It was Mrs. Cornelius who visited the Kaiser in German waters; and it is she who acts as representative hostess to nearly all visiting foreigners. Her sister, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, is even less well known than she.

Grace, jr., and Cornelius, jr., are beautiful children of four and six. They are blonde and rosy cheeked and full of antics. They are accompanied by only one nurse, who has her hands full keeping them on the sidewalk and out of the street from under the horses' feet. "This isn't as nith as Newport," hissed young Cornelius as a stranger pulled him from the path of a whizzing automobile. "Not exactly as nith," echoed Grace, who repeats everything her brother says.

## Beauty and Brains and Home Joys.

Of the three sisters-in-law the prettiest is young Mrs. Reginald, who is also the youngest, the darkest, the most and the most democratic. Of the three the blondest is the silver-haired Mrs. Alfred, who is also the quietest, the plainest from a standpoint of spending money—she is quite economical in her expenditures—and the least talkative. While of the three, Mrs. Cornelius, who is the eldest, is also the most brilliant, the stateliest and the greatest society woman of all.

Very remarkable are these ladies, viewed from any standpoint. And very

## A WEDDING IN THE COUNTRY

HE WAS a city boy and was engaged to be best man at a wedding in the country. The groom was a country boy who had come to the city, but had left his heart in the country. The groom knew the ways of a little town, but the best man did not. The wedding was a great affair and all of the bride's friends, male and female, and all those who knew the groom, of course, had been invited. It was a charming circle and they seemed to the best man from the city to have a free and easy intimacy which he had never encountered in city life. Of course, he had to thaw out, and the bride's attendant was his especial care. She quickly put him at his ease and managed him so deftly that matrimony took on a new aspect to him.

If girls could be so nice when he had only met them for a few hours, what might they be if he should know them for a lifetime? When the wedding was over it was discovered by the time the station was reached that the train was two hours late. The guests had all come to the railroad to see the couple away on their honeymoon, but they did not betray any of the cruel city ways when they learned that the newly married couple were at their mercy for two hours or more. Instead of this those who were not intimate family connections wished the bride happiness and congratulated the groom and went away.

There was no band wagon; there was nothing done to the trunks of the newly wedded pair. There was none of that foolishness which seems to be growing to be the custom in the cities. The folks were merry enough, but they recognized that it was a solemn but beautiful time for the two, and they treated the occasion so that it would be a hallowed memory.

Horseplay was about the last thing thought of. About fifteen folks remained with the pair who were to take the train and they went into a little waiting room of the station. They were just in

nice. To quote from a member of the family:

"None are actresses; none are fortune hunters; none were obscure; none had a past, and none have been divorced."

The sons of William K. Vanderbilt, sr., are two, namely, W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., and Harold Vanderbilt. Harold is still at college. But W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., married Miss Virginia Fair about six years ago. The marriage, which was a particularly appropriate one, met with approval in every branch of the family, for the young woman had been a favorite with the women folk of the Vanderbilt family since her childhood.

Miss Fair brought to W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., a charming personality and a great fortune. She was one of the richest girls of the Pacific coast and her private fortune equaled if it did not exceed that of her millionaire husband. They were married at the home of her sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and since that time have led a life of unequalled felicity.

"The young W. K. Vanderbilts are together too much," whispered a dowager, last summer, at Newport. "It is bad form for a young married couple to be seen so much together." But the young pair paid no attention to these rumors, except to laugh at them, and were together more than ever.

Mr. Vanderbilt sails a boat called the Virginia, and he motors in an automobile named after his wife. He has many automobiles, for he early became interested in the sport, and is one of the authorities on motoring in America. Early in his career he saw the possibilities of the automobile and for several years he devoted his time and his money to buying machines. He procured the very newest patterns out, and it is to him that the inventors go for backing to make new improvements to the machines on the market.

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## A Western Heiress in the Family.

From being a gilded young man, Mr. Vanderbilt became a great authority upon automobiles, and many of the very useful autos used for express purposes were financed in the beginning by him and encouraged by his patronage.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is an extremely pretty woman. She has dark hair, which she wears in a coil on top of her head, done up with mathematical precision. She is of medium height, rather snugly built, and her dress is always of the epic-and-span variety. She is very neat

in her habit of grooming. She looks, as the English say, very "fit" always. It is a remarkable fact that this very wealthy young couple are seen seldom in society. It is not that they have a nursery full of children, nor that they are traveling. For they stay at home a great deal. "But the truth is," as Mrs. Vanderbilt expresses it, "Mr. Vanderbilt likes to stay home, and I like to stay at home with him."

These four young matrons, Mrs. Cornelius, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne, and Mrs. Reginald, who are sisters-in-law, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., who is their cousin-in-law, are four distinctly handsome young women, and the men of the Vanderbilt families may well be proud of their wives.

And now, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius, the eldest, dawns upon the scene. Will she remain a Vanderbilt? Or will she marry, as all of the others have done, and settle down. It is a noticeable fact that there has never been an old maid in the Vanderbilt family, and never an old bachelor. All have married and married happily, and all have lived, for better or worse, together, to the end of their days. Will Miss Gladys follow suit? Or will she be independent and start out upon a line of her own?

The mother of Miss Gladys, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, sr., is still a young, handsome woman. She might marry again, but it is not likely that she will do so. She has grandchildren, it is true, but she is far from old, and were she inclined to enter the matrimonial mart, she could find suitors. She is tall, beautiful for middle age, and very highly intellectual. Never a very great society woman, she is still representative. She is always to be found in her opera box, and she gives the requisite number of dinners every winter.

Neither the women nor the men of the Vanderbilt family marry a second time. Yet an exception was made in the case of W. K. Vanderbilt, sr., whose wife procured a divorce from him to marry O. H. P. Belmont. For many years Mr. Vanderbilt lived a single life. But a year ago he gave the family much satisfaction by marrying Mrs. Rutherford, herself twice a widow. The couple are living in New York and are in society constantly.

## THE EXTREME PENALTY.

"Justice David J. Brewer," said a Philadelphia, "made an address not long ago at Haverford. After this address there was an informal little reception, and very interesting it was to hear the justice talk. A Haverford boy said to the learned man during a lull in the conversation:

"Will you please tell me, sir, what is the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Justice Brewer smiled, and answered: "Two mothers-in-law."—New York Tribune.

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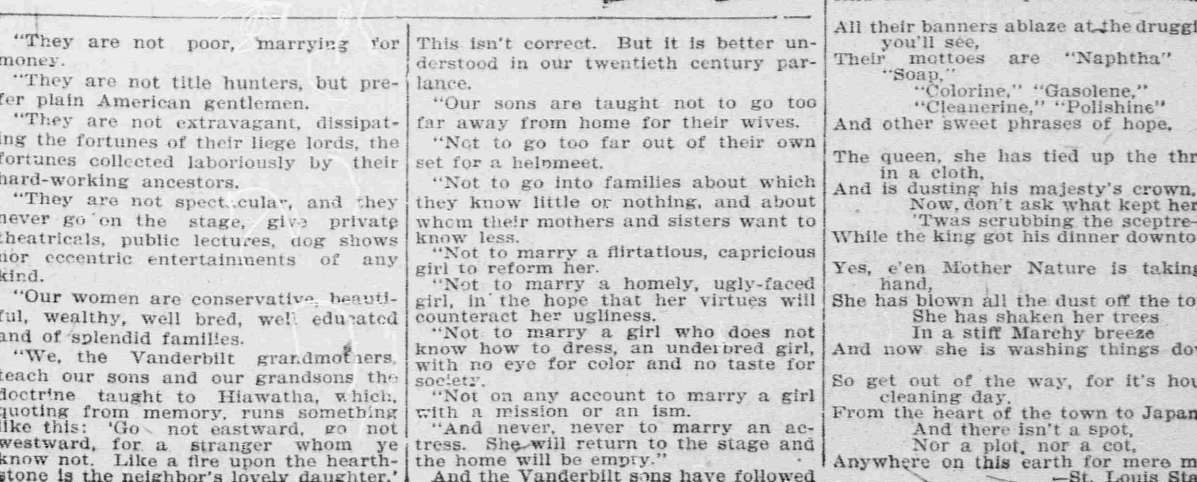
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## What They Teach Their Sons.

The women of the Vanderbilt family are all alike, or they bear earmarks of likeness. As one of the elderly women of the family said recently:

"The men of the Vanderbilt family all admire the same type of woman. They have all selected quiet girls, girls who would not flirt nor do anything to be conspicuous in the public eye. The Vanderbilt women are not eccentric."



these teachings. Without one single exception, all have walked in the paths which their fathers trod. George Vanderbilt, one of the brothers of the older generation, married beautiful Miss Dresser, an American heiress living with her family in Paris. Their house parties at Blimere, North Carolina, are filling the news columns with tales of splendor. And Frederick Vanderbilt, another brother, with a passion for yachting all his life, married an American heiress.

There have been no exceptions. And all have been beautiful, young, sweet-tempered, elegant and well calculated to carry the name of the house of Vanderbilt forward into another generation of conventional gentlemen and fine American gentlemen.

## A SONG OF SPRING CLEANING.

Oh, list to the lay of housecleaning day, The song of the broom and the shovel, Of hustle and bustle, And muscle and tussle, That reaches from palace to hovel.

To the tune of the beating of carpets and rugs, And the scrubbing of window and floor, To the swish of each curtain That has any dirt on, They're singing an anthem of war.

'Tis the war of the women on microbes and dust, Their weapons? A broom and a pan! Get out of the way, For it's housecleaning day, And there isn't a spot for mere man!

All their banners ablaze at the druggist's you'll see, Their mottoes are "Naphtha" and "Soap." "Colicine," "Gasoline," "Cleanerine," "Polishine," And other swart phrases of hope.

The queen, she has tied up the throne in a cloth, And is dusting his majesty's crown. Now, don't ask what kept her— 'Twas scrubbing the scepter— While the king got his dinner downtown.

Yes, e'en Mother Nature is taking a hand, She has blown all the dust off the town. She has shaken her trees In a stiff March breeze And now she is washing things down.

So get out of the way, for it's housecleaning day, From the heart of the town to Japan, And there isn't a spot, Nor a plot, nor a cot, Anywhere on this earth for mere man! —St. Louis Star.